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THURSDAY, SEPT. 26TH, 1912.

## A WISE MAN ON ROOSEVELT.

The most profound and searching analysis of present American political conditions yet published is contained in a letter to the New York Times from Dr. Charles W. Eliot, the president emeritus of Harvard. Its temperate statement of truth, based on long experience and broad philosophy, is in sharp contrast to the feverish chatter of demagogues, reactionaries and visionary propagandists.

Dr. Eliot finds the keynote of the present struggle in the tariff. He believes that the tariff "prevents the expansion of American commerce, supports artificial monopolies and raises the price of many necessities of life." No relief can be expected from the Republican party, because Mr. Taft holds firmly to the principle of protection, and the men who are supporting him are protectionists in practice. The Progressives cannot be trusted to deal wisely with the tariff because many of them are by training Republicans, with the old faith still fast in their hearts. Moreover, Ex-President Roosevelt "has never shown any acquaintance with tariff questions, any interest in them or any comprehension of the disastrous effects of the tariff on American industries and on the prices of the necessities of life to consumers." His remarks on the tariff are contradictory and vague, yet liable to mislead the farmer and workingman, from whom he seeks votes. Therefore, since the Democratic platform and candidate seem likely to accomplish a "judicious and effective reduction of tariff rates," Dr. Eliot will give his support to Wilson and Marshall.

Particularly keen is this wise man's characterization of Roosevelt and his supporters. "The Progressive party contains many social workers, ministers and young people and other disinterested persons of unquestionable patriotism, who think they can further their various philanthropic purposes by utilizing the energy and popularity of Theodore Roosevelt. It also contains men and women who warmly admire Mr. Roosevelt's private character and public career and accept his proffered leadership with enthusiastic devotion." But all social advances must be made with caution and wisdom. They call for fairness, sober judgment and quiet resolution in the chief executive. Governor Wilson's temperance, knowledge and experience fit him to deal wisely as President of the United States, with all these philanthropic professions.

On the other hand, Theodore Roosevelt has proven himself to be "impulsive, headstrong, self-confident, impatient of restraints and opposition and given to the use of extravagant language." He is peculiarly unfit to be entrusted with a third term.

Such calm and deliberate opinions from a leader of American thought and a devoted idealist cannot be met by mere extravagant language. Not even Roosevelt can add Dr. Eliot to the Ananias Club. What reply can he make to these dispassionate judgments of a wise and temperate philosopher?

## A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

A very pessimistic view of the situation and the outlook in the Balkans is taken by the British press, notably the London Spectator. "At the moment the most thundering part of the sky is in Bulgaria," says that contemporary, and while it tries to seek consolation in the face of experience, that there is no part of the world in which black clouds disperse so quickly, it is compelled to admit that not often has there been less reason to embrace such consolation. Truth to tell, the conditions would seem to justify fully the Spectator's pessimism.

"The war cloud that has arisen" in Bulgaria has only served as a focus to which others are concentrating. As our contemporary elms, Bulgaria is by no means the only country whose nerves are tingling dangerously. Serbia is importing large supplies of ammunition, the "quiet" in Albania—so far there is "quiet"—is recognized as merely a calm before another outburst; Macedonia is once more seething with sedition, and Greece and Crete are astir in anticipation of "opportunities." Official Bulgaria, as represented in the crown and the ministry, continues "pacific" but none the less elaborate military preparations for eventualities are making.

The regular Bulgarian army of 65,000 men is held practically as a unit to the colors, and the reserves, which would bring Bulgaria's fighting force up to 275,000 of the best equipped and disciplined and bravest soldiers in Europe, can be mobilized virtually at a moment's notice. As opposed to these, Turkey claims she could muster 200,000 regulars, 120,000 reserves and the "Redif" of between 400,000 and 700,000, but what with present internal political disaffection, how many of these last named would be dependable is a serious question? By many observers of the trend of that disaffection, it is

maintained that so far as a large percentage of them are concerned, to call them into active service would do more harm than good; would be a hazardous experiment, calculated to stimulate further the spread of both military and political revolt.

More than that, as further discounting the advantages of Turkey in point of numbers, the crossing of the frontier by the Bulgarian army would be the signal for the rallying to it of a formidable, irregular auxiliary contingent composed of Macedonian and Albanian Christians, among whom the Bulgarian revolutionary committee's emissaries have been particularly and methodically active since the late massacres by the Turks on the Turko-Servian and the Turko-Montenegrin borders. This says nothing of what would be the attitude and the course of Serbia, with whom it is no secret Bulgaria recently negotiated a treaty for promotion and defense of "mutual interests."

It has been long, as will be readily seen, since time was more propitious for Bulgaria to play the Russian role, and strike for the "amelioration of the conditions of the Christians in the Turkish provinces"—and "incidentally" for realization of her ambition for territorial expansion in the nearer East. The momentous question, therefore, as the Spectator and other British papers imply, is whether King Ferdinand will be able to resist the agitation and pressure for war; equally they imply conviction that he will not be.

## HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Young John Rockefeller is building himself the first New York skyscraper residence. This perpendicular palace will be eight stories tall with an additional half-story of glass sun parlor. The effect of this Italian renaissance structure with roof playground and pergola is expected to be "most imposing." We wonder if by any chance it will impose on young John and family the idea that they have a home?

Of course, the ease with which they may visit from time to time the various altitudes in this cliff-dwelling on express and local elevators, designed to be self-operating, may further the illusion, but somehow this ornate prison seems a strange way in which to spend money. The House that Jack Built would have more charms for most folks than this column of frigid splendor. Among all its mechanical wonders will there be a place for the indwelling spirit of a home? Not size, nor beauty, nor ornament can persuade the domestic gods into confinement unless there be peace and content and companionship. Yet no one can feel companionable all over eight floors and a roof garden. The intimacy and tenderness of family life would run small chance in a labyrinthine maze of blue rooms and yellow rooms and pink rooms. Even a family ghost might wander disconsolately for years in search of a friendly face; and his clanking chains be thought only the echo of an express elevator rushing up.

No kindly bear could ever play hide-and-seek with eager children through eight floors. A roof garden is a poor substitute for the charm and mystery of an attic. Elevators of the most helpful kind never yet furnished a banister for boyish imitations of flying. The servants may be happy in the sociability their numbers must afford, but the few Rockefeller's scattered here and there are very likely to be lonesome.

## WHAT IS PROSPERITY?

Our political experience indicates that the term "prosperity" is often relative. What it really signifies depends upon the attitude of the person using it. One part of the population may be exceedingly prosperous, while the other classes are barely existing. The French Revolution was precipitated by a wild and extravagant dissipation of wealth by the nobility in the face of starvation and destitution among the great masses of people. The prosperity of the governing or the bureaucratic classes of Russia and some of the nations of the Orient, even at the present day, is frequently based upon general suffering and deprivation among the people at large. And the same condition in a modified form also obtains in our highly developed industrial and commercial nations. There is "prosperity," but its benefits are not diffused. Special privilege and favor limits it to a particular class. Because of inequalities in legislation, enormous accumulations of wealth are held in a few hands, and are not distributed. The Republican protective tariff policy is a glaring case in point. Sixteen years ago the late Senator Hanna conducted a successful Republican presidential campaign under the slogan, "Prosperity and a Full Dinner Pail." The first part of this policy was realized. By excessive and unjust favors to manufacturing interests their profits were enhanced almost beyond the dreams of avarice. No "prosperity," however, came to the wage-earner. He was given steady employment and some increase in money wages, but under the control of prices exercised by the tariff protected industries, real wages declined. To-day our protected wage-earners find it impossible to carry dinner pails as full as they were before the election of President McKinley. We have had prosperity, but our Dingley and Payne-Aldrich tariff laws conferred its fruits upon a very limited number of industrial and mercantile interests.

And now, comes the complaint that labor is scarce, and we cannot have our full measure of prosperity without unrestricted immigration. The failure of the last Congress to pass a law limiting the influx of aliens in consideration of a matter for thanksgiving. Dire forebodings are scattered abroad as to the effect upon "prosperity" if restrictive legislation should be passed at the next meeting of our national legislature.

This attitude is also based upon a prejudiced interpretation of what "prosperity" really implies. Increased production of wealth from our mines and manufacturing establishments, and the growth of traffic upon our railroads often mean greater accumulations for a small group of persons, but the condition of our people cannot be measured by tons of steel, yards of cloth, or freight traffic density. A real and rational advancement in material welfare implies a general diffusion of wealth among all classes of the population. Unless these conditions are present, activity in trade and industry carry no hope to the wage-earner. A slow process of industrial expansion under proper conditions may mean more in real prosperity to the worker and consumer than the most feverish activity under a regime of special favors. With the use of machinery and present manufacturing processes untrained and illiterate workmen may be profitably employed. For the greater proportion of the wage-earners in our leading industries, skill and experience are unnecessary. Unrestricted immigration, therefore, affords a cheap and unlimited labor supply. Its employment in the past has resulted in a deterioration of working and living conditions. There is no hope of real prosperity for the native American wage-earner, or those of foreign birth who have already taken up a residence in the United States, until a temporary limitation at least is placed upon the number of incoming aliens which will enable us to absorb properly those who are already at work in our mines and factories.

## THE BATTLE FOR HEALTH.

The visitor to the International Congress of Hygiene at Washington is heartened by the spectacle of how large and efficient at last are the forces battling for health and morality. Here for the first time in history do the organized agencies for social betterment bulk large enough against the tremendous powers of disease and evil to impress upon the weary soldiers for the common good that they are no longer fighting against hopeless odds. Always before men have battled with the desperation of a forlorn hope. To-day their united strength slowly approaches that of the titan they seek to destroy. Victory is not won, but the good in society is no longer dwarfed and insignificant. The lover of humanity can see much in Washington this week that will give him fresh courage and new faith.

The very gathering of wise men from all quarters of the world to talk of their problems and to lend to one another of their spirit is a fine thing. The generals of science planning the next steps in the long war give real evidence that civilization is accomplished its ancient dreams. Even more convincing to the laymen is the exhibition of concrete methods and equipment now at work helping to ease the burden of mankind. In the exhibit of hygienic appliances and data is represented practically every agency working for a finer physical life. There is the government health service and pure food display; the warnings and figures in the anti-tuberculous crusade; the results of laboratory research on hook worm, infant mortality, cerebro-spinal meningitis and typhoid. The State health bureau present statistics of the vast improvement they have made in public health; the universities offer their learning and discoveries; the temperance societies repeat the old story of disease and ruin due to alcohol; the Y. M. C. A. announces its achievements; the Boy Scouts and the Camp-Fire Girls show how youth is being taught to care for priceless bodies.

Childhood is the centre for the greatest efforts. An electric light flashes once every ten seconds for the death of a baby somewhere in the world. A million and a half of these deaths each year are preventable. From this text, the visitor turns to the display of the pure milk workers, from this to the booth of those who fight against child labor, and then to the lectures upon educational problems and lastly to where is represented the crusade for imparting to youth knowledge of sexual facts and the ravages of social disease. Not least imposing is the data on welfare work among the employes of great industrial corporations. Finally, in the division of statistics is presented by chart and diagram and plain figures all the various problems, their location and extent, and the progress toward their solution.

This congress, altogether about health and disease, is not dispiriting or gruesome. It is cheerful and optimistic. It believes in prevention. It is confident of success. Its end is happiness and its battle-cry education. In Pawling, N. Y., the other day, Randolph Wood Birch and Miss Susan Beer were married, but they didn't like it when the local paper put over the wedding story the heading "Birch-Beer."

There are some annual football games that are always expected to end in casualties, but at Belfast, Ireland, last week there was a game so fast and furious that the sidelines got busy and shot up fifty-two people.

In the off season, use your straw hat as a collar holder.

If the Mona Lisa has really been exiled to Russia, it is certain she is no longer smiling the famous smile.

## On the Spur of the Moment.

By Roy K. Moulton.

A Battle Hymn.  
 In the dining room I sit, thinking,  
 mother dear, of you  
 And the way you chased the flies  
 long years ago.  
 With a chatter that you made from a  
 turn-up window shade  
 And the swatter was a thing you  
 didn't know.

CHORUS.  
 Swat, swat, swat, the flies are march-  
 ing.  
 Cheer up, comrades, and be gay.  
 When you swat one in the face  
 Fifty-seven take his place.  
 And the flies are getting thicker  
 every day.

With a swatter in my hand, every  
 day I take my stand.  
 Then I fan the atmosphere with  
 spiteful swish.  
 And I reckon with a sigh that I never  
 hit a fly.

CHORUS.  
 Swat, swat, swat, the flies are march-  
 ing.  
 Cheer up, comrades, and be gay.  
 If at first you don't succeed,  
 Keep on swatting, that's the creed.  
 And it may be you will knock one  
 out some day.

They are in the sugar bowl and the  
 steak and casserole.  
 They are in the soup, the hash, the  
 milk and tea.  
 They are always on the hike and dis-  
 turbing the mike.  
 They're as busy as the fabled busy  
 bee.

CHORUS.  
 Swat, swat, swat, the flies are march-  
 ing.  
 Cheer up, comrades, and be gay.  
 Tho' you slip and sprain your neck  
 And become a nervous wreck.  
 Keep on swatting, for it is the only  
 way.

Advice to Young Men.  
 Young man, this is leap year, still,  
 and something is liable to happen to  
 you any moment. In such an emergency  
 it is well to be prepared. There are  
 a few set rules which you should  
 follow when there is a likelihood of  
 being asked to marry one of the fair  
 creatures. Follow these rules and  
 you will be happy. Marriage is an  
 important step, you know, and the  
 young man can not be too careful in  
 accepting a proposal.

If she is muscular and has biceps  
 like those of a section hand, think  
 well before you take a chance.  
 Do not marry one who has a fondness  
 for pool and billiards, or who  
 spends much time in poolrooms. This  
 is liable to keep her away from home  
 a great deal.

If you have your choice between a  
 girl who smokes a pipe and one who  
 smokes cigarettes accept the one who  
 smokes the pipe. She is more apt  
 to make a success of her life and to  
 provide for you in the future.

If she won't let you smoke in the  
 house, so much the better. Smoking  
 doesn't do you any good, anyhow.  
 When she hears burglars in the  
 cellar, hop right out of bed and go  
 and look for them. You needn't be  
 scared. They won't be any burglars  
 there, and if there should be they  
 will probably shoot you, and you will  
 never have to hop out of bed to look  
 for any more burglars.

If she wants the bedroom window  
 down and you want it up, put it  
 down, for you won't get any sleep if  
 you don't.

An Epitaph.  
 (Contributed.)  
 "Here lies a poor woman who always  
 was tired.  
 She lived in a house where the help  
 was not hired.  
 Her last words on earth were: 'Dear  
 friends, I am going  
 to wash.'"  
 To which there's no cooking, no  
 washing or sewing;  
 But everything there is exact to my  
 wishes.  
 For where they don't eat, there's no  
 washing dishes.  
 I'll be where loud anthems will al-  
 ways be ringing.  
 But having no voice, I'll get out of  
 the singing.

His Plea.  
 Sheridan Master, former speaker of  
 the Michigan house of representa-  
 tives, tells the following story of one  
 of his early cases as a lawyer.  
 A negro was arrested for stealing  
 a calf and the court appointed Mr.  
 Master to defend him. The colored  
 man had never talked to a lawyer  
 before and didn't fancy the idea very  
 much, preferring to try the case  
 himself.

After a short conference between  
 Mr. Master and the negro the court  
 asked the negro how he would plead.  
 The latter rose slowly and said:  
 "Judge, your honor, I plead not  
 guilty on advice of my attorney, but  
 I ain't got no faith in any attorney;  
 so, I'll tell you, judge, dat I done  
 stole de calf and I throws myself on  
 de mercy of de court."

## Voice of the People

Remits Attorney-General Williams.  
 To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
 Sir:—On Saturday, September 14, in  
 the town of Gretna, Nottoway County,  
 Va., there was held a reunion of the  
 Confederate veterans, under the auspices  
 of Stuart-Pickett Camp and Nottoway

## Abe Martin

Now, Mr. Editor, here is a spectacle  
 for thoughtful Virginians. The  
 State of Virginia—an office of dignity  
 and prominence—and he has so far  
 forgotten himself as to go charging  
 and rampaging about the State, stirring  
 up dead and dying animosities and  
 fanning into new life the bitter feud  
 of sectionalism which years of kindly  
 and increasing intercourse between the  
 North and South have all but buried  
 in the grave of oblivion.  
 What shall we say of such a man?  
 Is he to represent the State of Vir-  
 ginia in the important office he now  
 holds? As a public man his public  
 acts are a fit and proper subject for  
 public review, and by these acts he  
 must be judged—a sovereign people  
 being the judges.  
 Let no man say I am taking advantage  
 of this occasion to make political  
 warfare upon Mr. Williams, for Mr.  
 Williams told the people of Nottoway  
 that he desired re-election to his present  
 office, and this being the case, his  
 performance in Gretna becomes a just  
 criterion by which to estimate the  
 man at close and familiar range, and  
 by this token it is just as well to put  
 him on notice that such utterances by  
 no means represent the views of the  
 people of Nottoway, and that he has  
 been weighed in the balance and has  
 been found wanting.

Has Mr. Williams forgotten that the  
 last Legislature appropriated \$10,000  
 to be used by the Commissioner of  
 Agriculture to attract immigrants and  
 homesteaders to buy lands in Virginia  
 and thus make this State their home  
 and their children's forevermore? And  
 does he not know that the progressive  
 railroad companies of the State are

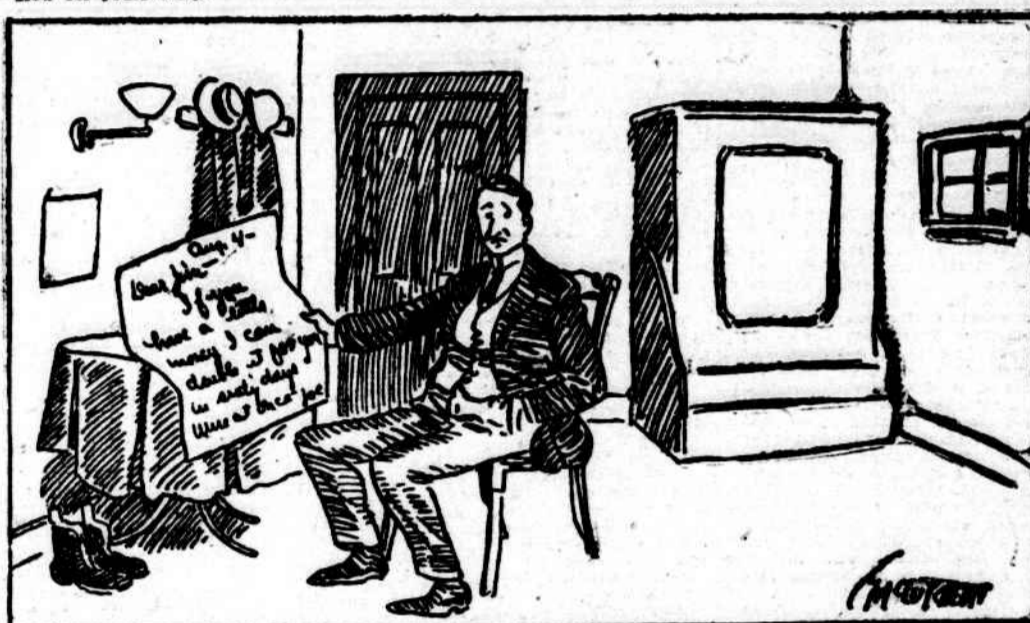
## A CARTOON ON THE MONEY SAVING PROPOSITION.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1912, by John T. McCutcheon.)



"Now, what's the use of denying myself everything just to save a measly little ten a week. Great Scott, a man can't get rich at that rate. I'd have to save for 1,000 years before I'd have a million, and that's too slow for yours truly."



Two years later—What a blasted day I was not to have saved some money. I wish to thunder I had begun saving two years ago instead of blowing it all. I'd have had a thousand now, and instead of that I have nothing to show for my salary but a headache and a hall bedroom."

Chapter of the Daughters of the Con-  
 federacy. It had been announced that  
 the Governor and Attorney-General  
 would be present and make addresses  
 suitable to the occasion, and the event  
 was looked forward to with a con-  
 siderable degree of interest.

The writer arrived in town too late  
 to attend the exercises or to partake  
 of the good things to eat, which were  
 there in abundance, prominent among  
 which articles of diet were the tradi-  
 tional Brunswick stew and savory  
 barbecue. He was also too late to  
 hear the addresses which were made  
 on the occasion, but he was not too  
 late to hear the comments which were  
 being freely made in the streets of  
 Gretna concerning some of the things  
 which were said by the speakers, par-  
 ticular reference being had to the re-  
 marks of Attorney-General Williams.

A large crowd was present, and in  
 the crowd were not a few men who  
 were the blue on many a field of strife  
 and carnage in the faraway and  
 stirring days of the sixties. Some of  
 these old soldiers had been citizens  
 of Virginia for two-score years and  
 have contributed their quota to the  
 reconstruction, upbuilding and de-  
 velopment of the old Commonwealth;  
 others with their families have been  
 here since the war, and under the  
 genial influence of the universal  
 kindness and innate courtesy of the  
 people of Nottoway they have felt that  
 the best have fallen to the lot of the  
 pleasant places, and that it was good  
 for them to be here.

Now, to these people it was a rude  
 shock, a genuine surprise, a humiliat-  
 ing experience, to listen to a  
 long-winded harangue by Attorney-  
 General Williams, which consisted  
 chiefly of gross abuse to the Virginians  
 who were present in the unhappy days  
 of fraternal strife. He took occasion  
 to refer to certain histories of the  
 Civil War, written by those who were  
 branded as "lying Yankees," and also  
 referred in a most unbecoming  
 manner to the boys in blue who are  
 receiving pensions from the Federal  
 government for their valorous defense  
 of the Union. And many other things  
 he said, which it does seem that cour-  
 teous and a sense of the eternal fitness  
 of things would have restrained a pre-  
 sident man from uttering.

It must have been known to Mr.  
 Williams that many Northern and  
 Western people are present in the audi-  
 ence—certainly Governor Mann knew  
 that such was the case—and in any  
 event it is almost inconceivable to a  
 Virginian that a man of his position  
 should so far forget himself and the  
 proprieties as to launch forth into a  
 diatribe of the kind which certainly  
 could accomplish no good, and which  
 any man of sense could foresee would  
 have the sole effect of reopening old  
 wounds and kindling afresh the hate  
 of ancient and all but forgotten ani-  
 mosities.

Shades of Henry W. Grady, Fitzhugh  
 Lee and Joe Wheeler, arise and hear  
 the rash speech of an egregious blun-  
 derer!

Now, Mr. Editor, here is a spectacle  
 for thoughtful Virginians. The  
 State of Virginia—an office of dignity  
 and prominence—and he has so far  
 forgotten himself as to go charging  
 and rampaging about the State, stirring  
 up dead and dying animosities and  
 fanning into new life the bitter feud  
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 that he desired re-election to his present  
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Has Mr. Williams forgotten that the  
 last Legislature appropriated \$10,000  
 to be used by the Commissioner of  
 Agriculture to attract immigrants and  
 homesteaders to buy lands in Virginia  
 and thus make this State their home  
 and their children's forevermore? And  
 does he not know that the progressive  
 railroad companies of the State are

annually spending considerable sums  
 of money with the same worthy object  
 in view?

In view of these things, then, has  
 he not earned the rebuke of every  
 right-thinking and patriotic citizen of  
 Virginia, and shall not this rebuke be  
 administered in the form of an ad-  
 versary ballot when he stands before  
 them again and asks for re-election  
 at their hands?

The ranks of the Blue and Gray  
 are fast thinning. The swift-moving  
 chariot of Time is bearing them across  
 the river, and they are finding rest  
 under the shade of the trees on the  
 other side. Let nothing be done or  
 said to mar the fraternal serenity of  
 those who still linger with us, and let  
 the descendants of the Blue and the  
 Gray mingle and commingle the  
 streams of their lives until the com-  
 bined waters thereof shall obliterate  
 forever the last vestige of a san-  
 guinary, discordant and altogether un-  
 necessary conflict!

Surely "Words fitly spoken are like  
 apples of gold in pictures of silver,"  
 but "Grievous words stirrcth up strife,"  
 R. M. WILLIAMS.

Crews.  
 To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
 Sir:—In your issue of Saturday, Au-  
 gust 31 I notice that much prominence  
 is given to the taxable income return  
 made by Thomas F. Ryan, Esq., of Nol-  
 den County, the evident inference be-  
 ing made that \$152,000 is much less  
 than the proper amount.

In your issue of Sunday, September  
 1, I find among the income returns  
 from Fairfax County the following:  
 Joseph E. Willard, \$5,550.  
 As a matter of fact, the small figures  
 returned by Captain Willard are, in the  
 opinion of the public, even more ridicu-  
 lous than those of Mr. Ryan.

Our former Lieutenant-Governor  
 and Corporation Commissioner is  
 credited with being several times  
 a millionaire, and yet the return  
 is scarcely more than should be  
 realized on a safe and conservative in-  
 vestment of \$100,000.

I do not offer any criticism for the  
 publicity given to Mr. Ryan, because  
 I believe you to be right in his case.  
 I am puzzled, however, to know why  
 attention was not drawn to Mr. Wil-  
 lard's apparently utterly inadequate  
 return. There, of course, may be some  
 good reason for it, just as Mr. Ryan  
 may be justified in his statement.

I do not know Mr. Willard, and  
 I have heard that he is a pleas-  
 ant gentleman, with many friends in  
 Richmond, and that he is controlling The Times-  
 Dispatch. Can it be that this is the  
 reason for his more than considerate  
 treatment at your hands?

If you have the space for the above  
 I should be glad to see it published, as  
 a matter of fairness. Let us not make  
 ash of one and wash of another.  
 JOHN W. CARTER, JR.  
 Danville, Va.

The Engine Room.  
 When the engine shall be filled with  
 knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as  
 the waters cover the sea.—Habakkuk  
 II, 14.

In three-four time.  
 With a glorious rhyme,  
 The seven-foot drivers are racing  
 along—  
 Are racing along  
 With a roaring song—  
 Deep-throated voices clear and strong:  
 We are the power of God,  
 We are the power of God,  
 We are the vessels of God.

The air and the coal  
 Combine, and a song  
 Speaks from the roaring stack—  
 Bursts from the bellowing stack,  
 And the crosshatches jumping.  
 And the pistons pumping.  
 Sharp trouble parts they answer back:  
 We are the power of God,  
 We are the power of God,  
 We are the vessels of God.

And a man with a steady hand  
 Has all at his command—  
 Concerted elements of the Lord,  
 The thunderous throbs of the boiler's  
 breath  
 Beat time to the things of Life and  
 Death

(The magical music of Life and Death)  
 With a resonant tonic tone:  
 And the iron and brass and the steam  
 Chorus in a vibrant scream:  
 We are the power of God,  
 We are the power of God,  
 We are the vessels of God.  
 EDWARD FONTAINE  
 Charlottesville, Va.

## QUERIES &amp; ANSWERS

Stephen Foster.  
 Did Stephen Foster write the music  
 to his songs?  
 He did. The scant biographical  
 sketches accessible here do not seem  
 to cover the point with exactness, but  
 examination of "My Old Kentucky  
 Home," "Old Folks at Home," "Ellen  
 Bayne," "Old Memories," "Carry Me  
 Long," "Black Joe," "Uncle Ned,"  
 "Massa's in the Cold Ground," "Old  
 Dog Tray" and other songs show  
 statement that Mr. Foster wrote these,  
 and the presumption is that he wrote  
 the music for all his words.

"Mansfield."  
 Can you locate for me a place called  
 "Mansfield," near Richmond? E. J.  
 Probably some reader knows of a  
 nearby estate of the name. Our cor-  
 respondent desires to locate a family  
 burial ground.

Ice Worm.  
 Long white worms are found in ice  
 taken from a house here. Can you  
 tell me what they are? J. D. H.  
 We know no more than we have  
 heard since childhood, viz.: that "old  
 ice" often became so infested. The  
 worm used to be called the "ice worm,"  
 and it was not regarded as develop-  
 ment from germs in the water, because  
 it was never found except in ice which  
 had lain in the house for about a year  
 and was being thrown out to make  
 way for the new crop. It is very likely  
 that the Department of Agriculture,  
 Washington, D. C., can give you in-  
 formation about the matter.

Elderly Woman.  
 Can you tell me when a woman is  
 considered "elderly"? E. L. MAXN.  
 After the age of about sixty-five  
 years.

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